

T H E  
CHILDRENS' PATTERN:  
O R,  
A SURE GUIDE  
T O  
H E A V E N.

S H E W I N G,

1. How a Merchant's Lady having been married seven Years, and having no Children, she prayed to God to send her a Child.
2. How God heard the Lady's Prayers, and sent her a Child.
3. The Child discourses with her Mother concerning the Life o' Man.
4. Her Expressions concerning the reprobate State of Swearers.
5. The Danger of the Sin of Drunkenness plainly described by the Child.
6. The Child's Opinion of the Sabbath-breaker.
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9. Her divine Sayings concerning Heaven and Hell.
10. How this Child fell into a Trance, and lying lain therein for twelve Hours, awaked and told them what she had seen, and died that Day, as did her Mother at Night, and were both buried in one Tomb.

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*II. How a Merchant's Lady having been married seven Years, and having no Children, she prayed to God to send her one.*

**Y**OU Parents all, of high and low degrees,  
And you that masters are of families,  
Observe this little Book which I inscribe,  
'Twill serve your Children for a heavenly guide.

In London City a merchant liv'd we hear,  
Who married was unto a Lady fair,  
She was a virtuous Wife as we do find,  
And towards Heaven bore a righteous mind.

While other ladies spent their time in pride,  
And took delight to balls and plays to ride,  
Her whole delight was serving of the Lord,  
Which did great comfort to her soul afford.

Seven years this happy couple married were,  
And yet no Children had as we do hear,  
At length this tender Lady meek and mild,  
Did beg of God to send to her a child.

*2. How God heard the Lady's Prayer, and sent her a Child.*

**G**OD heard her Prayers, and granted her request,  
And with a Daughter fair she soon was blest,  
Which did fresh joys unto the Parents bring,  
And God did bless them both in every thing.

For as this baby did grow up we hear,  
They brought her up, her Maker for to fear,  
Such heav'nly Graces in this Child did shine,  
Her little soul did thirst for things divine.

When she arrived unto seven Years old,  
The scriptures she could all throughout unfold,  
The like ne'er in a baby e'er was known,  
When she unto the age of ten was grown.

One day unto her mother she did say,  
 My mother dear, let me discourse I pray,  
 About some things I do long to know,  
 Her mother said, Sweet Child it shall be so.

*The Child discourses with her Mother concerning the  
 Life of Man.*

THE first thing mother let me understand,  
 What 'tis you think now of the life of man.  
 Her mother said then, first let me to hear,  
 What you've to say, the rest I will declare.  
 Then with a sigh, the child to her did say,  
 Oh hold the child in the cradle I pray,  
 In that state of innocence he die,  
 He then is blest to all eternity.  
 But see when they do come to riper years,  
 How Satan in their hearts do sow his tares,  
 On purpose their poor souls for to betray,  
 And lead them on into the road's broad way.  
 The head-strong Youth he does go on in sin,  
 As if to dust he'd ne'er return again:  
 But when their worldly pleasures all are past,  
 They to their native dust must go at last.

*Her Expressions concerning the reprobate swearers.*

MY blessed child, the mother did reply,  
 That thing is true, I cannot it deny,  
 Tell me one thing more my baby dear,  
 What do you think of them that curse and swear?  
 Swearing, mother, is a thing that's known,  
 By many people to that sin are prone.  
 They curse and swear thousands do take delight,  
 But 'tis so hateful in God's sight.  
 The swearer he will for damnation call,  
 And prove him, he will swear he did not swear at all.

He breathes forth curses from his very heart,  
 And takes delight to act an heinous part.  
 This hateful sin God does forbid, 'tis known,  
 You shall not swear by Heaven, 'tis my throne,  
 Nor by the Earth, for there my feet doth stand;  
 Where find we one that keeps this strict command.

5. *The danger of the sin of Drunkenness plainly described by the Child.*

**N**EXT Drunkenness is a leading sin,  
 Which does many poor souls to ruin bring,  
 For when a man with drink is stupify'd,  
 All heavenly thoughts they then are laid aside.

He swears and lies but little knows the same,  
 He utters nothing then but what's profane,  
 But think vile sinners, there will be a day,  
 You answer must for every word you say.

Thus in his drink he runs from sin to sin,  
 And little thinks the danger he is in:  
 Sometimes a sudden death does prove the fate,  
 Of those poor creatures most unfortunate.

'Then what can we think of this poor sinful soul,  
 If God's not merciful, without controul,  
 As in his sin he lives, just so he dies,  
 And unto Satan falls a sacrifice.

6. *The Child's opinion of the Sabbath-breaker.*

**H**ER pious mother then to her did say,  
 What think you of the sabbath-breaker pray,  
 The Child reply'd, a sin to be abhor'd,  
 That day we ought to keep unto the Lord.

How may you see the Rich as well as poor,  
 Pass by the Church? they do not know the door,  
 Some go a walking, dress in Garments gay,  
 Thus vainly do they spend the sabbath-day.



I that am young in years these things have seen;  
 Some people they the Churches will go in,  
 Both patch'd and dais'd, much sifter for a play,  
 Than in the Temple of the Lord to pray.

There's others will be walking up and down  
 The streets, viewing the pastime of the town;  
 These wick'd Wretches one day can't afford,  
 For to keep holy to our blessed Lord.

7. *Her Observations upon DEATH.*

**N**OW next of Death, I beg you mother dear,  
 That my opinion of the same you hear;  
 Speak on my Child, delightful is thy talk,  
 And great's my joy, that in heaven's path you walk.

Mother, if you'll observe, you'll daily see,  
 That many lead their souls to misery;  
 Then look on Death, a thing a great way off,  
 And only make of it a game and scoff.

The youth he says, I will repent when I  
 Am older grown, for then I am to die;  
 But if that night God for his soul should call,  
 There's no repentance in the grave at all.

Death is to weary travellers a friend,  
 Which does their toil and painful troubles end,  
 The Righteous need not fear its fatal sting,  
 It ends their sorrow, heavenly joys to bring.

8. *Concerning our Saviour's coming to Judgment.*

**O**H! how the Righteous thirst with Christ to be,  
 Death only is the thing can set them free,  
 The silent grave their weary dust receives,  
 Till Christ the body from the dust relieves.

When our dear Saviour in the clouds appears,  
 As holy scriptures unto us declares,  
 How will the Righteous then in glory rise,  
 To meet their Saviour at the Great Assize.

With pleasure for to hear his will each stand,  
 With palms of victory all in their Hands;  
 Come, come you blessed of my Father dear,  
 A blessed sound this must be for to hear.

But where then can the wicked sinner run,  
 Their sins will fresh into their memory come,  
 This heavy sentence will pronounced be,  
 Depart ye cursed, into misery.

9. *Her divine Sayings concerning Heaven and Hell.*

**W**HEN this sad sentence is pronounced then,  
 The time cannot be called back again,  
 What would the trembling soul give to be free,  
 From endless torments of Eternity!

A dreadful thing, their sorrow's never done,  
 Tho' they ten thousand years in torment burn,  
 Their time is still beginning every day,  
 Being years in number as sands of the sea.

The Righteous all this while in glory shine,  
 Their sorrows are past, O blessed time!  
 All tears from their eyes are washed away,  
 The way to glory teach me, O Lord, I pray.

Now mother if you find I've spoke amiss,  
 Pray reach me the right way to Heaven's bliss,  
 With tears of joy her mother then did say,  
 My heavenly babe, I find God's Grace to thee!

10. *How the Child fell into a Trance, and having lain therein for twelve hours, awaked and told them what she had seen, and died that Day, as did her Mother at Night, and were both buried in one Grave.*

**S**OME hours thus together they did talk,  
 At length into the Garden they did walk,  
 Where, on a sudden, to their great surprise,  
 A heavy sleep did seize this Baby's eyes.

Down on the ground she fell like one struck dead,  
 Her mother straight convey'd her to her bed,  
 Twelve hours she lay in a silent sleep,  
 While troubled friends did round her sit and weep.

Two grave divines attended with them there,  
 To hear what this sweet baby would declare,  
 When she from her silent sleep did awake,  
 Concerning her most blest and happy state.

At length as they all earnest were at prayer,  
 A heavenly harmony did charm their ear,  
 Of music, which melodiously did play,  
 At which the child did wake and thus did say.

Oh! mother dear, come sit you down by me,  
 Some heavenly secrets I'll unfold to thee,  
 Her mother from her knees arose,  
 And to her tender infant straight she goes.

My words are few, mother I have to say,  
 For I shall leave the world this very day,  
 Within a little space you'll follow me,  
 And will in everlasting glory be.

My fleeting soul has been with Christ on high,  
 I've seen the pleasures of Eternity;  
 Likewise the torments of the burning Lake,  
 Prepar'd for those who do their God forsake.

There did I see the swearer and the liar,  
 Most cruelly tormented in the fire;  
 Sabbath-breakers and oppressors o' the poor,  
 O! how they in the flames did lie and roar.

Amongst the rest I saw our Neighbour's son,  
 Who a disobedient cursed race had run,  
 And us'd to curse his tender parents dear,  
 I saw him under Heaven's gate repair.

He knock'd, the Porter then did him deny,  
 Begone thou wretch he unto him did cry,  
 Your disobedience broke your mother's heart,  
 To everlasting torments now depart.

I saw a fiend draw him to his den,  
 From whence he never will return again.

Her mother on hearing this straightway did go,  
To know whether the youth was dead or no.

And as this blessed baby she had said,  
They found the poor unhappy youth was dead,  
Returning to the Child told her the same,  
At which she sigh'd and wrung her hands amain.

The ministers they did discourse her then,  
But such expressions in the age of man,  
Sure in a babe so young was never heard,  
A fit example Children all to read.

She begged that he life might published be,  
That disobedient children they might see,  
The only thing that can them to Heaven steer,  
Is to fear God, and love their parents dear.

And then she cry'd, sweet Lord, I come to thee  
At which again the heavenly harmony,  
Did sound, just as her soul did take its flight,  
Her pious mother likewise died that night.

In London city a funeral sermon there,  
On this occasion preached was we hear,  
The blessed infant and the mother dear,  
Both in one tomb interred were.

You parents that this little book would buy,  
This worthy pattern of true piety,  
I hope it may instruct your children dear,  
You to obey, likewise the Lord to fear.

F I N I S

